

King. Goe call him hither presently,
The deepe resolving witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts be yond the seas
Where he abides.

King. *Catesby* Can My Lord
King. Rumor is abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meene borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:

Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murder her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name *Tirrel*?
Tir. James *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.
King. Dar'st thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies,
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

of *Richard the Third.*

And soone lie rid you from the feare of them,
King. Thou singst sweete musicke, Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, rise and leaue thine eare. *Hee whispers in*
Tis no more but so, say, is it done *his eare.*

And I will loue thee and preferre thee too.
Tir. Tis done my good Lord.
King. Shall wee heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?

Tir. Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buckingham.*
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

King. Well let that passe *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. *Stanley*, he is your wiues sonne: Well lookt too it.
Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moucables,
The which you promised I should possesse.

King. *Starbly* looke to your wife, if they conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?

King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a litle peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps,

Buc. My Lord.
King. How chance the proper could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.
King. *Richmond*, When last I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,
And called it *Rugemount*, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*

Buc. My Lord.
King. I whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promised me.

King. Well but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

